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Christmas Number . . .

The Káimín.



THE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA,

MISSOULA, MONTANA.



SIX COURSES OF STUDY AND A PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

1898-'99.

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2. A Philosophical Course leading to the Degree of B. Ph.
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OSCAR J. CRAIG,

MISSOULA, MONTANA.

PRESIDENT.

The Kaimin.

THE KAIMIN.

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MISSOULA, MONTANA, CHRISTMAS, 1899.

This number of the Kaimin comes out in its best holiday attire, with the kindest wishes to all its friends for a very Merry Christmas and a most Happy New Year. It hopes that during the ten days of freedom allotted to all the long-suffering, plodding brain-workers of the University the opportunity for consuming vast amounts of turkey and plum pudding will be seized upon with avidity, and that a sufficient delightful time will be spent to carry these same martyrs through the remaining months of the college year. The Kaimin cautions the students—particularly those of tender years—against the evil effects of the turkey and plum pudding, if taken in immoderate quantities, and wishes to express the earnest hope that January third will find no diminution in the ranks due to an excessive indulgence in Christmas goodies.

May Santa Claus be very good to you all; may the first day of 1900 be productive of many happinesses, and may they continue throughout this and all succeeding years of your lives.

A few—we are glad it was a few—of the students, against whom some of the jokes of the "Locals" in the December number were aimed, allowed themselves to display a little displeasure that they should be made the target of such shots, and felt somewhat aggrieved that one or two of their little foibles and faults should be made the subjects of a little good-natured badinage. It is a difficult thing for some people to take a joke, and as a rule, those very ones who cannot, are the ones who are particularly fond of playing jokes on others. We noticed, too, that those who suffered in the "Locals" seemed to enjoy immensely the jokes on the rest.

It is a great temptation to tease those whom we know are easily teased, and we would advise those individuals to take care that they do not allow us to find them out, in the future. We all have our weaknesses, and if others can glean a little amusement out of them, without doing us any special harm, we see no reason why they should not do their part toward adding some merriment to the prosy

things of life. We hope our jokes will be received in the spirit in which they are given, for if they are not, our efforts to amuse will fail woefully.

A good deal of comment has been devoted of late, to the subject of Admiral Dewey and his house. The fact that he deeded the gift of some Americans to his wife gave some busy-bodies a rare morsel for discussion, and for a time the newspapers told all kinds of stories. From a popular idol, Admiral Dewey fell to the position of a severely criticised man. Now, however, the matter has subsided somewhat, and investigation has shown that the disapproval manifested itself for the most part, in and around Washington City and spread, for a time, through the east. But elsewhere throughout the United States, the high esteem in which the admiral is held, the admiration which he has aroused in the hearts of the American people, proved a strong factor in his favor, and he continues to occupy the high place of honor which he made for himself at the Battle of Manila.

Some of the papers report the fact that Grant and Sherman did the same thing and were not criticised. To quote the New York "Times":—"For our own sakes and for Dewey's sake, it is too bad, not merely because it makes us appear ridiculous in the eyes of foreigners, but because these alternating currents of emotion, this most abrupt substitution of the cold shoulder for the warm heart, argue a want of steadiness in our make-up."

We mentioned once before, that Admiral Dewey has our sympathy for what he has endured since his return. We can imagine the despair which must prompt him to exclaim frantically:—"Peace, peace, when there is no peace!"

The seating of Congressman-elect Roberts of Utah, has been the subject of a vast amount of discussion and protestation, and now that Congress has convened, there is nothing to do but await results.

The protest against his being seated has met with widespread support, particularly so among the churches. Public opinion is very strong against him, but although the religious papers are opposed to his being seated, they are generally inclined to be lenient with him and to attribute to him qualities that are not unworthy. As a rule, they maintain that he is a criminal in practicing polygamy, and therefore ineligible to his seat in Congress.

Congress has done nothing, as yet, and the outcome is awaited with interest. To Montana, the interest is intensified because of the question as to the seating of Senator-elect Clark, and the action of Congress is looked forward to with some curiosity and anxiety.

The newspapers on both continents are busy just now offering observations and opinions as to the significance of Emperor William's visit to England. The congratulatory telegram to Great Britain served as a fitting preface to the events which have since taken place, and his visit has occasioned all manner of conjectures.

The visit is given out as a purely "family affair", and it

is stated on the Emperor's authority that it has no special significance. The Emperor is accompanied by the Empress and two sons, the Imperial Foreign Secretary and a large suite. They were met by the Duke of Connaught, Victoria's third son, and escorted to Windsor castle. The "family" visit is probably an excuse for the transaction of some very important state business.

A CARIBOU HUNT ON MT. KTAARDN, MAINE.

THE month of October '98 found me drying my socks and moccasins before the log fire in the Lunksoos House on the East Branch of Penobscot river.

Around the fireplace were gathered sportsmen and their guides. The former asking the numerous questions that new city sports ever always do and the latter answering them, not without considerable concealed sarcasm.

I had just returned from a trip up Ktaardn with a congregational minister, so had to answer a good many queries about big game signs and the difficulties we encountered. The outcome of this was that one of the guides, Fred, and I decided to bolt for the barrens above timber line on Ktaardn and try to get a couple of caribou. Fred was the best Ktaardn guide there, and being idle, wished to secure a good skin for his fraternity at Maine University.

After a day and a half of packing we reached the base of the mountain where we found about an inch of snow. As we ascended the snow increased in depth, till at timber line, where we camped for the night in a lean-to, we found fifteen inches. We had each packed about 40 lbs up the mountain and were thoroughly soaked with snow and sweat, and hungry as wolves. As we were cutting wood for the night I longed for some fresh meat. I had just begun to express that desire to Fred when back of the lean-to I saw a big snowshoe rabbit sitting up looking at me. A moment or two later "Brer rabbit" unconsciously bumped his head against a 30:30 soft nose and seemed to be under the impression that he had a kick coming.

In the night I was awakened by something prowling around my head. I craned my neck up just in time to see a large sable bouncing over us and past the log fire at our feet.

Just before sunrise the next morning a storm arrived from the south, and was driving past us, far below, as we ate breakfast.

When we left camp and pulled up into the stunted timber the sky began to redden and by the time we were on the barren lands the sun rose above the clouds. We had to waste some time then on the scenery. Close to the mountain we could look beneath the clouds and see the country at the foot of it. So much for getting to the winter home of the Caribou.

One would expect these cousins of the reindeer to make the mountain tops their summer stamping grounds. On the contrary they do not go up till the first snow comes. From that time on they can be found increasing in numbers till at New Years large droves of 60 and over roam over those bitterly cold, bleak table lands pawing up the snow in search of arctic mosses.

Nothing but tracks a day old rewarded our search over the North Plateau so we faced a biting wind which was so full of sharp pieces of ice and snow that we were frequent-

ly obliged to seek shelter under the lee of the large boulders which blocked the way along the upper side of the feeding grounds.

The storm was rapidly increasing in violence, and the clouds below were gradually rising while others, above, seemed to be falling. It was not a healthy place to be caught in a fog and only after a protracted debate—behind a rock—did we decide to push on to the Southern Plateau—I use the word push advisedly.

As we rounded a knoll I saw Fred drop as if shot, so doing likewise I crawled up to him. He said he had seen two caribou coming straight at him and looking in his direction. As they were coming at a fast walk down wind, no time was to be lost.

We back trailed it over the crust till we reached a small gulch, then hurried up a hundred yards to a point of vantage. Sure enough, there were two caribou coming, an old cow and a handsome black bodied bull with full long white mane.

Now we began to be fussy. The bull's horns weren't good enough and a cow's hide wasn't as pretty as a bull's; why not let these go and keep on till we found more.

Another look at the weather conditions together with the fact that all these fresh signs we had seen might have been made by these two, convinced us that two birds in hand were far better than many perhaps off the range altogether.

The caribou were not only going down wind but down to the timber too, and we saw that they would pass us at about 300 yards—too far under the circumstances, a cross wind hurricane and a steep slope.

Dodging from rock to rock we gained a hundred yards, when the bull saw us, just as we were getting under cover. The cow, however, did not and would not pay any attention to the bull's inclination to make a break for timber line. She came stepping along with the bull zig-zagging along behind keeping his eye on us for he had caught us only half hidden.

To save weight we had taken my rifle only, I agreeing to hand it over to Fred after my chance at the herd. I decided to nail the cow first believing the bull would stay within range long enough for a shot.

I lowered my sights to 100 yards, trusting the slope for the other hundred, and aimed for the heart, pulled and made a clean miss. I had forgotten that, though I was sheltered, there was a cross wind blowing.

Both animals wheeled about and faced up wind. This time I aimed at front of fore shoulder on the cow and she plunged ahead till on her third leap my rifle cracked again and both foreshoulders were broken low down. The second shot had pierced both lungs. She pitched over and over down hill till she brought up on some rocks, where she died.

All this time the bull was prancing around like a drop of water on a hot stove. He would trot fifty yards then wheel and stand facing us. He was standing thus when Fred turned loose on him, but it was a hard show to score, and shot after shot missed, though several singed his hair and made him change position rather suddenly. Still he would be standing again face on, before another shot could be fired. Finally one took effect in the near hind leg and he tripped and turned broadside on and got three in quick succession through the lungs. He laid down slowly, and was loath to let his head drop though he could not keep his

eyes open. We took a hasty snap shot with our kolaks then shot him immediately in the head.

Thus ended the hunt, but as all hunters know that is only one-third of the yarn and as we were forced to quit the mountain that day and return for the meat later, we took the hides and some tenderloin and stacked the rest on a huge rock where we could easily find it.

It was some time after dark when we approached an old deserted camp where we intended to stay for the night. You may imagine our joy to find a logging crew had arrived that morning enroute to winter quarters on the mountain. Supper was about ready, and we surely did justice to the logging camp fare of hot biscuits, baked beans and molasses cookies.

Had we been trying to make hogs of ourselves that day, we might have hung up a good string of grouse and at least two fine white tail bucks that stood beside the trail and watched the procession go by.

Thus it happened that one caribou hide took up permanent quarters at college, while the other journeyed farther to receive the caresses of a Boston girl.

A. E. FRANKLIN.

The following is an article prepared by Rev. C. H. Linley, and read before the Cosmos Club. Believing that it would be of great interest to the students, we have received permission to publish it in the Kaimin. Owing to the length of the article, it is divided into two parts. The first of which follows:

THE COLLEGE AND THE UNIVERSITY.

Part I.

THE subject selected by me Mr. President for discussion this evening is entitled the "College" and the "University," a subject suggested to me by the fact that we have located in our city the "State University of Montana." A subject, I may also hope, that will prove of interest to many members of our club, seeing that they are more or less engaged in "Educational" work.

Before proceeding further, it might be well to explain what is the difference between a "college" and an "university." I judge no one would make a distinction simply on the grounds of large "endowments" or many "students." Though I think this has been an important factor in changing some of our "colleges" to "universities", as "Columbia College of former years, now known as Columbia University." In the eyes of the public generally, it seems to me that the term "college" is applied to educational institutions about one or two removes from "High Schools". Hence, we have many institutions doing work no higher than the standard of the High School, appropriating to themselves not the title of "College" but that more dignified and pretentious one of "University." Hence our land is dotted with these "Universities" in embryo, and men found everywhere whose "titles" of scholarship when traced to their source are found to emanate from what has been well-termed some "Kindergarten University." I do not know how it is in the ranks of the "Educational World" but in those of the "Clerical," we have men dubbed the Rev. Dr. Ignorantia, who have never seen the inside of an "University," much less acquired any of its "attainments." True they may have been within some little village school having a "faculty" widely skilled in "learning"

but sadly deficient in "numbers." I do not blame them for this. In fact I sympathize with such "institutions" as much as I sympathized with a clergyman not living very far from our own City. He was a bright fellow from Harvard and a married man. Unfortunately the accommodations of the town in which he lived were somewhat limited. I think there were three rooms in his house, one of which filled many purposes. At times it satisfied the demands of the inner man by becoming his "dining room." When "guests" had to be entertained, it was changed from a "dining room" to his "parlor." When the duties of his "ministry" had to be attended to, it became his "study." And so with these one-man "institutions" where "science", "mathematics," "literature" and "history" are furnished by the one brain. Let it be so. No one thinks the worse about it. But when its so-called "graduates" have gone out into the world, do not let them claim by their bogus degrees, a position which was never theirs. It is this which has given "American" degrees a somewhat unsavory reputation. Give these ill-appointed "institutions" the name of "College" if you wish, but never grant them the "power" of conferring degrees. Let them be the "stepping stone" to the "University."

Another kind of College is known as the "Church College." Such an institution is more or less under the control of a particular church body. Its "faculty" receive their appointment at its hands; it furnishes the "cost" of maintenance and as a rule, throws all its "strength" in securing students from amongst its followers. I do not know how far right I may be, but I would judge that many of our "Universities" have had their "origin" in such Colleges. However that may be, I cannot speak with authority. True or not, the day for "Church" Colleges is apparently ended. They formed an useful "factor" in giving "education" and forming "opinions"—but "mene Tekel" is written over their thresholds. From statistics furnished by Francis Kelsey in the Dec. '98 number of the "Atlantic Monthly" we find this statement borne out. For comparison's sake, he took the "Presbyterian" Colleges in the states of Indiana, Iowa and Illinois. He found three-fourths as many Presbyterian students in the University of Michigan as at "Princeton," and 15 times as many as were attending the Presbyterian College or University in Michigan. In the "State" Universities of Indiana and Illinois, he found twice as many students who were Presbyterians as were attending the four "Presbyterian" Colleges in those two states. At the University of Iowa more than in the five Presbyterian Colleges in that state.

Dr. Angell, I think of Michigan University, declares that in eight representative states, the increase of students during the last 10 years was 300 per cent, whereas at eight equally representative "Church" Colleges, he found an increase of less than 15 per cent.

These figures must point to the fact that "Church" Colleges have had their day, and if they are to exist in the future it will be distinctly as "Theological" Colleges, rather than as a College in its truest sense of being a "School" of the liberal arts (language, history, science, philosophy). Having, Mr. President, touched upon "Schools" with large names and "Colleges" directly under the control of churches, let us look at what I consider a somewhat difficult question. What is a "College"? Wherein does it differ from an "University"? I must confess that the "distinction" appears a somewhat hazy one when asked with

reference to "American" institutions of learning. On the face of it, it would seem that if there was an enrollment of a "hundred" students, it would be called a "College"; if a "1,000" then an "University," being merely a question of "numbers", and, no doubt, it had something to do with that change which has made "Colleges" change their names to "Universities". But to say this was the sole cause would certainly be unjust. The term "College" has two applications: first, that of a "School," which educates its students in the "liberal arts," as "language," "history," "science" and "philosophy" with or without a "professional" department. Secondly, a distinct foundation, which has its own "traditions" and "faculty", giving an advanced course of instruction, but not conferring "degrees". A "collection" of such colleges would form an "University" by which all "examinations" are held and "degrees" granted. The "first" of these two applications would give us the "American" meaning. The "second" the "English". Thus, for the former, we might say: Yale College or Columbia College, and for the latter, Trinity College or King's College—not "degree-conferring" institutions but a "portion" of the University of Cambridge, which alone, examines for "degrees."

In England we find three kinds of Universities. First a group of Colleges similar to what I have just mentioned, such as we find in the "Universities" of Cambridge, with its 17 Colleges and two Halls, having 3,000 undergraduates; or, in the University of Oxford, with its 21 Colleges and five Halls having a little over 3,000 undergraduates.

The 2nd kind of University consists of "Colleges" situated in "Cities" not far distant from one another which are affiliated with an "Examining" body, having the power of conferring "degrees" such as "Victoria University" in Manchester.

The third kind is merely an "Examining Board," which throws its examinations open to men—no matter their place of residence. Such we find in the "London University."

In our country, we find four kinds of Universities:

1st. The original historic College founded either by "private" or "State" munificence such as "Harvard", or else maintained by "Ecclesiastical" patronage as "Yale" and "Columbia."

2d. Those that are purely "State" Universities whose cost of maintenance is borne by the "State", either through a "revenue" derived from grants, such as lands, or through "taxation", or both. These Universities are strong in the states north and west of the Alleghanies.

3d. We find a class purely "Ecclesiastical" as Princeton—though the tendency of this is to break away from such control.

4th. That class which has been founded by "private" munificence as Stanford and Girard College, Philadelphia.

You will see from the "classification" which has been made, that I have placed "institutions" known to-day either as "Colleges" or "Universities" under the one name "University". We have no "University" I believe in the strict sense of "University" as used in England, unless it be under that of the 3rd class—an "Examining body," which has the power of conferring degrees. The "American University" has taken its educational "model" more from the "German" where "instruction" is imparted and "examinations" made. The question naturally arises which "system" is the better? There are those who main-

tain that a "federation" of Colleges with small "Colleges"—modelled after the plan of an "English University"—would be the better plan, whilst others defend the system which has been and is being tested. With this latter, we are so well acquainted that nothing further may be said about it. But what of the former and untried "federation" system? Is there anything to be said in its favor? I believe there is. What then are their "advantages?" We have before us a "College" of 100 students with a strong body of "professors" and "instructors". Its course of study may be fixed, or partly fixed and partly elective.

Looking at its "study" first, let us place a body of 25 men in the one department. I think it must be acknowledged that each man has a better opportunity to become more thoroughly "accurate" and "thorough" in that distinctive branch than if you doubled, trebled and multiplied that body of 25 men. Let me prove this on the authority of President Smith of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. He states that he inquired at "Harvard" into the working of the "Elective" system of studies. "I was informed," says he, "that at first the different professors were anxious to have their work chosen by a large number of students and to make their "departments" popular. Soon, however, they began to prefer a small number, and discouraged many applicants, as they found that to do the best work, the "number" must be "limited," which statement is most decidedly in favor of the small "College". The only trouble with the small "College" would be having sufficient "endowments", or, high enough "fees" to make it possible to maintain a body of "Professors" and "instructors" for this purpose. The ideal would be accordingly small "classes" under competent men, which ideal is aimed at in large colleges by a system of "Elective" work.

A second "benefit" derived from the small "College" is to the "Student" personally. It is the difference between a small "village" and a large "City". In the one, you know everyone, perhaps too well, in the other you are lost. You do not even know your neighbor. In a small "College" the student has the possibility of making many "friends"; he comes into contact with all and is able to make friends as he chooses. College friendships are oftentimes the closest and most lasting.

A 3rd benefit is to be credited to the "Professor". He is able to know every "student", his "tasks", "temperament", "ability"—and, to build up that man where it is most needed. In a large College the Professor may scarcely know his men by sight.

A 4th benefit shall I say? Is to the lazy and worthless "student". His vicious qualities are known, his pernicious influence detected, and thus a more speedy elimination is made of his undesirable presence.

To the credit of the small College, let us place more accurate and thorough "work". The acquisition of "Character," or "personality", a truer knowledge of the "student's" mental faculties and the elimination of the "prejudicial".

Having touched upon the subject of "College" and "University" generally, let us look for a short time to what may be termed the "historical" side of the subject.

No doubt there were institutions of learning in such renowned cities as Alexandria, Athens and others but they are so far removed by age that we know very little definitely about them. It is true they had famous teachers.

who gathered around them the youth of the city and established Schools of Philosophy wherein the tenets of a beloved master were taught, but one would scarcely apply to such, the name either of "College" or "University." They were seats of learning—without "organization", without regular "instructors" having definite duties, and "students" without definite aims.

We know really very little until we reach the age of Charlemagne, who, aided by Alcuin, founded Monastic and Cathedral schools. In connection with his Court, he established the "Palace School", in which the great King himself received instruction. Its range of subjects was probably beyond that of the schools to which I have referred. In the 9th century we read of a School of Medicine being established at "Salerno" in Italy. Of its "origin" little is known. Some credit it to the Monastic School at Monte Cassino; others to a secular source. It flourished well for centuries. In the 11th century it was known all over Europe.

Two centuries later about the year 1113 a famous lecturer upon Civic Law made his appearance at Bologna. The States of Lombardy, rapidly rising in wealth and commerce required more than antiquated laws to meet their new conditions. Students flocked to this school, which became a centre not only for "Civil" law but for "Ecclesiastical" as well. In 1155, owing to political troubles, the students, chiefly those of German origin formed themselves into guilds for mutual protection, not only against "political" factions, but against the "landlords" who exercised their mercenary powers even in those days of Barbarossa. This Emperor wishing to secure in them valuable allies, granted them certain "liberties" and "privileges"—such as the right to elect their own "rectors". Here we have what may be considered the first University. Practically a "Student Guild." These students were men of

years and position. Amongst them, we can find archdeacons, canons of the Church and other Ecclesiastical dignitaries. With chartered privileges, came the right to turn the tables upon the "citizens" and so we find the "students" extorting concessions from them, and from leading the "oppressed" to become the "oppressor." When we are told, that at the close of the 12th century there were 10,000 students in attendance, we may feel sure that instead of it being the "Town" and "University" of Bologna, it had become the "University" and "Town." At first, they had two "rectors,"—one for the "Italians" the other for the "foreigners." Innocent IV in giving his sanction to the statistics, addresses it as the "Rectors" and "University" of Students at Bologna. As for studies, they had first the faculty of "Law," then the two of "Medicine" and "Philosophy," and about the 14th century those of "Logic," "Rhetoric", "Astrology" and "Notarial Practice" were added. The University was known as "Universitas Scholarium," the University of Scholars. To accommodate the large body of students, we find "Colleges" or houses built wherein needy students from abroad might live. The first was founded in the middle of the 13th century and was designed for the maintenance of eight poor scholars from Avignon. These "Colleges" however, had nothing to do with the "University" any more than a "boarding house" for students in Missoula has to do with the "University" of the same. Unless it be that they threw open their doors to students from certain localities and gave them "pocket money" for coming. We have not the time to refer to other universities, such as that of "Paris", which is claimed to have been founded at the beginning of the 12th century. "Dialectics" became its chief study, then theology and then a combination of Dialectics and Theology.

(To be Continued.)



Note—The following is a purely Indian legend. Coyote and Fox are two great mythical heroes, about whom the Flathead Indians tell many quaint stories.

SINSHILLAY.—(Coyote.)

A Flathead Indian Myth.

COYOTE AND Fox, two great medicine men, lived long snows ago, before the white man filled the land from ocean to ocean. They were good friends and took plenty of journeys together, and many events happened to them which made their skins wrinkle up with wonder.

Coyote and Fox began their journey from the biggest water in the west to the highest water in the east one morning when spring had begun to warm the snow making it trickle down the mountain sides and fill the rivers so that they grew dark and angry, and roared and tore up the trees growing on their banks. On the long trail they travelled there lived an evil spirit called Netlaiska, who could take the form of man, beast or bird, and many times it killed Coyote as he journeyed to the Great Water in the east. But the Kolinzutent (God) had given to Fox the magic power of bringing life back to the heart of Coyote. And so each time Netlaiska destroyed him, Fox made Coyote live again by stepping over his body.

Soon after they had begun their journey, Coyote refused to walk near his friend, telling Fox to follow at a distance, as he wished to travel alone. So Coyote walked many days by himself thinking much; and he was starving. He came to a lake on whose waters swam ducks and geese. Coyote thought, "What shall I do to get those ducks and geese?" for he was hungry.

The wind came whispering through the long grass and Coyote understood what it said. He gathered a handful of very sweet smelling grass and put it on his back. As he

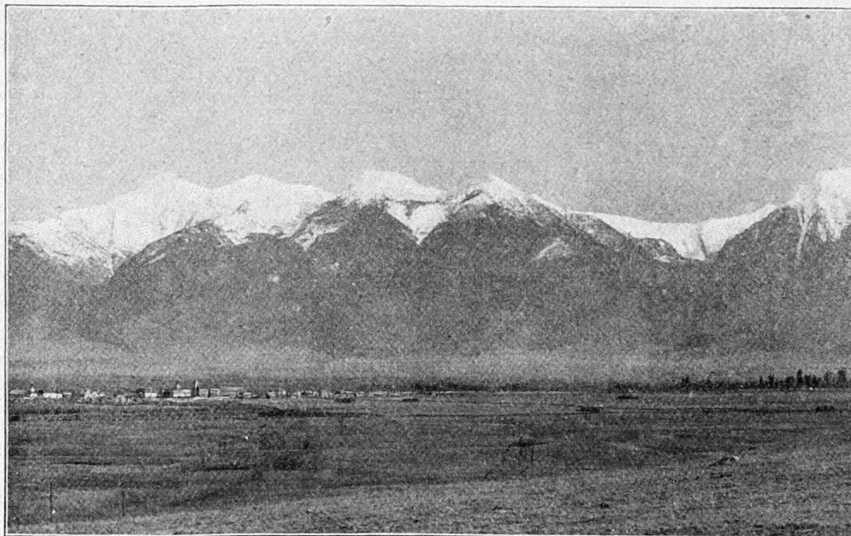
door. In the evening the ducks and geese and many other birds came to Coyote's lodge. When they had all gathered, Coyote said:

"Now we will have a big dance, and each of you sing, but let no one keep open his eyes while I sing the song that fell upon my back from the Causa (God) beyond the sky." Coyote sang.

The birds danced around the lodge and as each one passed him, Coyote caught it, broke its neck and threw it behind him. After a time the eagle thought the voices grew less, and opened his eyes to search the reason. He whispered to the other birds and when they saw what Coyote was doing, flew away from the lodge and never afterwards did they make their home on that blue lake sleeping among the mountains.

Many days Coyote stayed feasting on the birds. When they were eaten, he walked far among the hills. One night he camped on the top of a hill, and the wind sat in his lodge and told him that when many winters had gone, the pale-face would come to that valley, which lay before them, and would build a church and school. He said the trees would be cut down on the green mountains, whose tops were always white, and the earth would be torn by iron tools, and the hearts of Coyote's people would be sad. Coyote was very angry, and the wind went away from his lodge down into the valley.

Coyote walked on the trail until he came to a lodge where the people were dancing. They were snails, and he looked well, seeing they were all women. Then he went into the lodge and began to dance with them. Two of the women caught him by the arms and, after dancing around, took him out of the lodge down to the river bank. All the women followed pushing him toward the river. Coyote called out:



walked up and down the shores, the wind made singing through it, filling the ears of the birds with soft sounds. They turned their eyes to the place whence came the music and seeing Coyote, called in many voices:

"What do you carry on your back, Coyote?"

Coyote answered, "A beautiful song come to my lodge to-night and I will take it down from my back and sing it to you, and we will have a big dance and a great feast."

Coyote made a light lodge of small poles leaving one

"O women snails! wait until I take off my clothing. It will get wet."

The snails answered him in a great voice that filled the place between the earth and moon:

"Other clothes await you in another world," and they drowned him.

Coyote's body floated far down the river, and then the water laid it on the shore and went away. When Fox came and saw Coyote, he felt pity for him, and stepped

over his body giving him life again. Coyote stood up and opened wide his mouth saying, "long have I slept." Fox answered, "You were not sleeping, but dead since many suns. Walk no more by the lodge of the snails. They are the Nettleiska, and kill all who pass their way."

Coyote waited for Fox to pass out of his eyes, and then he went back to the home of the snails to be revenged. The snails had a long lodge made of grass. Coyote put fire to it. When it began to burn he ran up on a hill near by, and laughed at the snails burning. Many of them escaped and ran toward the river, but Coyote called to them in a great voice "Run on the high grass!" and when they ran on the high grass, he shouted, "Fools! Don't you know there is more danger on the high grass? See! It is taking fire from your clothes. Flee, fools, to the pine trees." The pitch on the pine trees made them burn more and more, and Coyote laughed until his eyes were red.

When the Snails were dead, Coyote walked on the trail with a glad heart. He came to the camp of the

grew along the river. He saw that every time the man drew in the net, he felt the salmon. Coyote said in himself, "The man is blind, because he seems to count the fish." Coyote stole two of the fish, cooked and ate them, but still he was hungry. The blind man made him afraid, so he thought to kill him. Coyote shot an arrow at the blind man, but it turned around and killed Coyote. Two suns he slept before Fox came. He jumped over Coyote, and when he stood up Fox said:

"Walk no more near the Netlaiska. If you do I may not put you alive again." Then Fox gave a big talk-begging Coyote to share his path for the rest of the journey, but Coyote's heart was black toward the blind man, and he wished to kill him. So he hurried back and by the magic of his new life, put an arrow through the blind man's heart.

When Coyote had travelled a long time, he saw Fox sitting on a rock near the river. He called to him: "Oh,



Buffaloes, and the chief gave a big feast and dance. Many days Coyote sat with the Buffaloes, and they told him strange things. "How far, far away where the sun rises, the pale-face had come carrying the stick that speaks.

"And", the chief of the Buffaloes said, "when you hear it, it makes you wrinkle up with fear. Two sleeps ago the wind, who knows all things, sat in my camp and said many of my people in the far east had fallen by the stick-that-speaks."

When Coyote left the Buffaloes, his heart was heavy. He walked with a bent head and his eyes lay on the ground. When the long days had passed, Coyote was starving. His heart was glad when he saw a man in a canoe catching salmon with a net made of braided grass. Coyote crept closer to the bank, for tall trees and bushes

my friend! I see you are biting something. What are you eating?"

Fox said "Come and I will show you." He pointed to the water saying, "look far down in the deep and you will see a great ball of grease. I dived down and took a bite, and it is good."

Coyote took off his clothes and dived down to take a bite, too, but it was only a hard rock that broke his teeth, and he was nearly drowned. When strength came to him, his heart was black at his friend, but Fox was far away.

Four times the sun passed behind the mountains before Coyote again saw his friend. The hatred was gone from his heart, because he was hungry. Fox was making a feast and Coyote said:

"My friend, what are you cooking?"

Fox answered: "It is good, come and I will give you some." Coyote sat near Fox. It was pitch he was cooking, and he put it in Coyote's eyes, making him blind. Then he whipped Coyote for not walking with him and minding his words of counsel. Coyote lay still on the ground for many sleeps. When his eyes were again opened he walked on the trail until he came to a lodge where camped a magpie. In the lodge was a large white swan. Coyote was hungry, so he asked the magpie how he caught the swan. The magpie said: "I swam under it and caught it by the feet."

"It is gladdening, Magpie. Now I go to get me a swan." When Coyote was swimming, his tail was sticking above the water, and the swans seeing it said: "What is Coyote going to do now?" As they spoke Coyote caught one of them by the legs. The swans flew up into the air carrying Coyote with them; and they dropped him in the Great Water in the east, where he and Fox are awaiting the time when Kolinzeiten will destroy the white race, then they will journey over all the land and people it with red men.

KATHERINE RONAN.

A CHRISTMAS TREASURE.

It was the twilight of Christmas Eve. There was hurrying to and fro everywhere and that mysterious quiet so prevalent at Christmas Tide lay on everything, until one was minded to wonder whether it was really Christmas at all.

There was one old man in the very heart and din of this festive preparation, so near the center in fact, that he was merely an unknown factor, and yet I believe Christmas was far kinder to him, alone and unknown, than to the young man or maiden in the joy of their youth surrounded by gifts and homes.

He was a strange little man, this one of whom I am going to speak, very small and hump-backed, with the wildest black eyes and whitest face, it frightened one almost to look at him,—and hair so thin and long and gray. In all the world there was not one creature to bring a smile to that wrinkled white face, or a gleam of recognition to his eye, not one kind hand to caress his hoary head. One object there was which did all this; it was his hope, his very life, and was hidden sacredly away,—but now it is Christmas time when everything is made clear as that beautiful day, and so we will go with him and look at it.

First there are brightly lighted streets to hurry through, streets in which man and child and dog and every holiday loving creature, jostle each other rudely as they each try to get nearest the splendid dazzle of the shop window. After many delays,—for our comrade is very small and very old,—we come to darker and narrower streets again, then up a creaky stairway into a room, dimly lighted but thus better showing the dainty beauty of arrangement and the carvings on the wall.

Some day we may follow him again and seek to learn how the strange man lives, how such refinement is part of his world and whether his face has paled toiling long hours to carve such faint, fantastic figures on the objects in the room. Some day we will go up and learn how he lives, but this is Christmas Eve and we do not care for that now, we only seek to know why he lives. We pause at the door and look in.

In the dimness of the room the man opens a chest, and treasure after treasure is laid forth, but now the greatest treasure of all comes, it is a packet of two letters,—and how nice it would be if every letter written in this world might bring such joy to the receiver as those recalled to him.

Every Christmas Eve for fifty years those letters had been read, thus recalling to memory some past joy and strengthening life for the coming year. Very near the dim light the hunchback sat down and laid the first faded letter before him. His white face seemed whiter than before, his dark eyes darker. A church bell came ringing from the busy city, he heard not that one, but one that had rung fifty years ago.

"My Dearest Brother:—Your gift made me so happy; I did not dare expect it and then when it came I knew you had not forgotten your crippled sister. Anne taunted me yesterday and it hurt me so, but now I do not care, for I know you love me although I have been such a trouble; but I am better now, I shall soon be well, and I do so wish that every Christmas will bring you as much joy as you have this year given me."

And there it ended. The old man sat a moment silent. "Did I give the dear sister joy" he whispered.

The last letter was opened, the lamp was dimmer, the letter was blotted with tears:

"My Beloved Boy:—It is long since I have seen you, but yet I think of you daily and thank the good God that he let me love you until now. I fear I can write no more, but you have been a blessing to me always remember and I thank you for your love. Goodbye my child.

From Mother."

The lamp grows dimmer, and we must go, leaving him alone with his beautiful memories, knowing that one has found the true secret of Christmas, its deepest joy.

An old man once went to the editor of a newspaper and wanted to get his son a position as newspaper poet.

On being asked to give a sample of his son's poetry he submitted this:

"The trees wuz full of leafy leaves,
The sun shone bright and fair;
The birds wuz singin' sweetly,
And the wind blowed through the air."

For though among the learned hosts,
Book after book I taste and test,
Of those that truly love me most,
My father's check book is the best.

--Ex.

She was walking with my rival,
And they chanced to homeward roam
It was from my garret window
I was seeing Nellie home.

—Ex.

Teacher—How do you account for the phenomenon of dew? Boy—Well, you see, the earth revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours, and in consequence of this tremendous pace it perspires freely.—Tit-Bits.

LOCALS.

38 to 0. Great Grief!

Prof. Scheuch moved onto the South Side last week.

Fred Buck went to Stevensville for Thanksgiving day.

It is about time the transfer over to the University was started.

Miss Wilson leaves for Helena on the 22nd, where she will spend the holidays.

Miss Jennie Mills entertained the "Buds" last Saturday evening.

If we have said anything we are sorry for, we are glad of it.

Auf wiedersehen!—A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

Miss Kthryne Wilson spent the Thanksgiving vacation at her home in Helena.

A mystery—Why did "Shorty" Cross part with that budding moustache of his?

Buy several copies of the Christmas issue for gifts to your friends.

"Come on fellows, let's whoop it up." "No, lets sing Mary had a little lamb."

Has anyone heard what kind of a time Berry had at the "Colossal" Dame's ball?

Poor McDonald is troubled with a bad memory it is said that he forgot and limped on the wrong leg.

What girl is the most industrious seamstress in the U. of M.? The one who always has her "emory" by her.

On Dec. 5, at 1:30 P. M., the elegant flag, the gift of Mr. Schlossberg, was raised on the tower of University Hall.

In this issue of the Kaimin is a poem from the dormitory of Gonzago College, dedicated to one of our fair students.

A Basket ball team is in the process of organization. There is no good place to practice, but if the weather is favorable, the campus can be used.

Sloan wasn't the only one who had trouble with his heart in Bozeman. Rumor tells us that Craig received his affliction in a Basket ball game instead of a football game.

Don't be discouraged boys. Just think how badly Columbia was beaten and also the University of California. You might as well be dead as out of style.

Mrs. Coleman, the mother of Guy Cleveland, died Thursday, Dec. 7th, after a long and painful illness. The Kaimin extends its sincerest sympathy to Mr. Cleveland in his sad loss.

The east bound train leaves Missoula at 5:10 P. M. The tickets were telegraphed from Bozeman at 5:15 P. M. Well? It happened the train was late.

Miss Louise Hahteway after an absence of two weeks is with us again. We are glad to see her looking so well, as it was feared for a time that her accident would result seriously.

After the game Woodman laid it all to the fact of his being without shin guards, a wit in the crowd said he felt sorry for Woodman, for he ran so fast he barked his shins on the air.

Our football team stopped in Helena on their way from Bozeman. They played a game, (tears). Score 12 to 6 in favor of Helena. At the gate were taken in 16 tickets and 50 comps. N. B.—Manager Ebert telegraphed home for money that night for the hotel bill.

Mr. Bandman has kindly consented to take a class in elocution. This class is being organized now and will hold its first meeting after the holidays. Mr. Bandman while being one of our greatest actors is at the same time one of the finest teachers and everyone should try to take advantage of this great opportunity.

Negotiations are being made to buy the western slope of Old Sentinel. This will be fenced and goal posts erected, one goal at the top of the hill and the other below. It is thought the grounds can be fixed by next season, so when the Agricultural team comes over for the Thanksgiving game they will feel at home.

During the football game at Bozeman, Hugh Sloan received a blow over his heart and was carried unconscious from the field. Three doctors worked with him for several hours before he showed any signs of life. When once started on the road to consciousness he recovered rapidly and was able to accompany the team home, a little the worse for wear but we are thankful to say, still alive.

It grieves us to see that some of the students at the Montana College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts still persist in deceiving themselves. In the last number of The College Exponent was an article written by Mr. Schabarker which commenced like this: "The team of the Montana State College, etc." We don't know how to account for these mistakes unless—well, it is a terrible thing to be ashamed of one's name, especially when one draws money from the government on the strength of it.

An open Letter:

Deer Santy Claws—I is been a good boy. I have not said enny notty words. I writes this letter to tell you what i wants for christmas. I wants a sled to haul my girl to school on, i wants a drum, i wants a horn, i wants a mother goose book, i wants candy (peppermint) pleze deer santy

don't not forgit an you can bring any thing else I have forget.

Yours truly,

MARTIN TUCKER.

P. S.—i wants a elephant too.

Our boys are surely not behind the times. It is said that while in Bozeman they rushed the season (the only thing they did rush while there.) Yes this is really so. Some guests at the hotel being disturbed at an unearthly hour by a terrible noise and thinking the waiters had struck again, stuck their heads out of their doors asking the cause of the racket. Some one murmured something about spring time, as a peculiar rattling sound mingled with many footsteps came down the hall. The terrible thing came nearer and nearer and one man, braver than the rest, stepped into the passage way and said "we will see what it is when it comes." Then with the swiftness of a Woodman interference it rushed into him knocking him flat. —The (bed) spring had come.

Convocation after Thanksgiving was well attended. It is the custom after a game to cheer the team as it comes in; so one of the young ladies who is possessed of good strong lungs gave the signal "Three cheers for our football team." The boys looked startled, then happy; contented looks stole over their dark and gloomy countenances, but ah! What a disappointment! How their faces changed when they heard the hurrah, hurrah, hurrah which came so lifelessly from the lips of the fair co-eds. Some of the faculty were moved to tears, by our pathos, the feeling in the cheers which followed the mention of each name and all went merrily as a funeral knell. It was truly a memorable day.

It was late in the afternoon and the crowd on the depot platform grew larger every minute. No. 1 was reported first 2 hours late, then 2 hours and 15 minutes, finally at about 5:30 the whistle was heard and the train came puffing in. On the platform of the various day coaches stood crowds of boys, with blackened eyes, patched noses and hats pulled well down over their faces. As they stepped off the train a great laugh went up from the assembled throng. Some of the football players escaped by going behind the depot, others plunged wildly into the crowd, everywhere they were greeted with this same laugh. Sloanie's family were there with determined looks on their faces and it is understood that the football team must in the future do without Hughie. Walker's father said nothing, but took his son home by the side streets. Cross' girls actually refused to know him. Coach Cleveland left in a carriage holding his hat in front of his face. Graham went home over the trestle. The jeers of the crowd failed to make any impression on Berry or McDonald. The former glorying in his new coat and the latter in his derby hat smiled back at the crowd like hardened sinners. Marcie, with great tact tried to look as if he didn't belong to the team, was just down to meet them. Heckler was found hiding behind the section house. He had tears in his eyes, when he explained he was just waiting. McCormick, Jameson, Craig and others acted naturally, being too young to really understand. Miss Wilson came in on the same train, but being so afraid that she would be

taken for one of the team rode in the rear coach and on arriving in Missoula, heavily veiled, ran from the car and jumped into a hack. "Ah me, what a dreary, dreary world this is."

EXCHANGES.

WHAT A LOIR.

There was a young girl in the choir,
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of seight,
And they found it next day in the spoir.

—Ex.

HOW BASE BALL STARTED.

The devil was the first coacher. He coached Eve when she stole first. Adam stole second. When Isaac met Rebekah at the well she was walking with a pitcher. Samson struck out a good many times when he beat the Philistines. Moses made his first run when he slew the Egyptians. Cain made a base hit when he killed Abel. Abraham made a sacrifice. The prodigal son made a home run. David was a long distance thrower, and Moses shut out the Egyptians at the Red Sea.—Ex.

Prof. X.: What is your class studying in psychology now, professor?

Prof. Y.: Imaginary quantities.

Prof. X.: I didn't know they had such things in that class.

Prof. Y.: They haven't.

Prof. X.: What are you talking about, anyway?

Prof. Y.: Brains.—Pacific Wave.

Yale has five elevens in the field practising at one time.—Ex.

According to the brain expert the brain consists of a certain number of cells only, and when these are used the owner of the brain can learn nothing more. Therefore, he argues, one contemplating a business life should not go to college and fill up these cells with Latin and Greek.—Ex.

The largest football scores on record were made as follows: Harvard vs. Exeter, in 1886, 158-0; Princeton vs. Lafayette, in 1884, 140-0; Yale vs. Wesleyan, in 1886, 130-0.

"Death is a sad thing," said the stranger to the man who stood weeping beside a grave. "It is indeed," sobbed the other. "Are you sorrowing over the loss of a very dear friend?" asked the stranger. "I am sorrowing over the grave of a man I never knew," replied the mourner. "He was my wife's first husband."—Chicago News.

DER DEUTSCHE.

Where Hans will go when he is dead,
'Tis very hard to tell,
For he doesn't seem to understand
The distinction very well;
He gazes up at the bright, blue sky,
And says, "Der Himmel ist hell."

—Yale Record.

The University of Michigan has received a unique gift, consisting of nearly 1,000 different musical instruments.

—Ex.

The first American Bank of Honolulu, organized by First Assistant Postmaster General Perry S. Heath, opened its doors August 1st.

Flirting is a good deal like squirrel hunting. You don't get much game, but it's mighty good exercise.—Ex.

The University of Chicago football team plays all of its games this season on its home grounds.—Ex.

The colleges and universities in the United States own property valued at \$200,000,000, one-fourth of this is owned by four universities.—Ex.

"I suppose your son broke himself down at college football." "No, indeed; the doctor said what gave him nervous prostration was trying to get his lessons in between the games."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE DOOR BETWEEN.

Dedicated to S. B.

I know that it was my hand that shut it,
And locked it; but I threw away the key,
And so the door can never more be opened,
That stands so grimly twixt you and me.

Though sometimes I have fancied that I heard you
Pleading and knocking on the other side,
I would not answer for my heart was sullen,
And made so cruel my wounded pride.

And there are hours when I have knelt beside it
Nigh to death for just one word from you;
And you, in turn, were proud and would not answer
For anything I could say or do.

And sometimes when twixt sleep and waking,
I think the door swings back to let you in;
But when I spring to give you eager welcome,
I only meet the ghost of what has been.

And often in my sleep my heart is asking,
"Where is the key? Alas where is the key?"
And I arise and vainly try to open
The closed door that is twixt you and me.

Yale, Brown, Amherst and Wellesley will each mark the coming year with the inauguration of a new president.—Ex.

The ranking of the universities in size is as follows: Harvard, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Yale, Columbia, Chicago-Wisconsin, Johns Hopkins.

With Roosevelt's Riders, makes the world acknowledge—Yes, e'en the Classic Profs—that they have gained Some good from frequent pony rides at college.

—Ex.

Whenever the flag is raised it stands, not for despotism and oppression, but for liberty and opportunity and humanity; and what that flag has done for us we want it to do for all people and all lands which by the fortunes of war have come within our jurisdiction."

—President McKinley.

Wax: "Form two words meaning not enough from the six letters of the word enough. The first word is one."

It is estimated that President Dwight has added to Yale about \$12,000 a week, or \$2,000 every working day, during his twelve years of service. The funds of the institution in all its branches have advanced from \$2,273,092 to \$4,635,321.—Oberlin Review.

Acts and reaction are equal. We receive what we give. The world is a whispering gallery and will return a harsh or pleasant tone, according to what we give out.—Ex.

The following yells belong to those amicably antagonistic classes of Colorado College:

Through the "Tiger" we come to know them, and learn of their exciting struggle for supremacy.

Sophomore Class:—

We can laugh, we can sing,
We can turn a hand-spring,
We can climb up a sycamore tree.
Who?
Ninety-two!

Freshman Class:—

Rockety, rockety, rockety, rick!
Kinniki, kinniki, kinnikinnick!
Whoop! whoop! hee
Hully gee!!
All men swear by naughty-three!

PRINCETON CUSTOMS.

The sophomore class at Princeton has drawn up the following set of rules for the freshmen, which will probably not be adopted here:

1. Thou shalt have no other gods before Nassau.
2. Thou shalt not take unto thee golf or bicycle trousers.
3. Thou shalt not wear duck or crash suits until after the first Princeton Harvard baseball game in the spring.
4. Observe the Fedora hat to keep it holy.
5. Honor the grand stand on the varsity field and keep to the bleachers.
6. Thou shalt not wander from thy rooms after 9 p. m.
7. Thou shalt not smoke on the street.
8. Thou shalt not inhabit public restaurants or bar rooms.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against upper classmen.
10. Thou shalt not covet the sidewalks or paths when upper classmen pass by.

"All this may seem silly and childish to the lay mind, but none but the university bred can appreciate what a preposterous nuisance a freshman really is unless he is taken in hand and planed and prepared until all the veneer comes off, and the good solid wood beneath it, if it is there, is polished into university finish."—U. of M. Daily.

PROCLAMATION

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